

RESOLUTION OR REVOLUTION?

CHAPLAIN HAROLD G. SANDERS

"That time is here again!"—you know, a New Year, when we take a hasty look at our glaring sins, pull up the belt another notch, and make some "NEVER AGAIN" Dicta.

A good idea: Make resolutions and stick to them! With Shakespeare, "Screw your courage to the sticking point." Face the fact that inside you are two fellows: **The Old Man** (lower self) and **Better Man** (the man God says you can be). Now, turn the heat on the **Old Man**, spot him as others see him, say: "Old Fellow, there's gonna be some changes made!"

He will listen—and fight back like mad! By force of habit, he has the edge on **Better Man**. Kowning you, he cracks down during your dull and weak moments. He knows how to get you with friends who drag you down. He knows the value of religion, ideals and exercise—helps you to avoid them all!

The **Better Man**, weaker, wants to win the battle, but needs help. A foe is within and enemies without. He makes the resolution, fights hard to keep it, seeks help from other **Better Men**. But usually he fails. Why? Evil is stronger than man.

Try revolution! Turn over body and mind to a New Master. Institute a new regime. Put a New King on the throne of life—this demands that you surrender your life to Christ. He supplements your strength. He breaks the power of evil habit. He puts you into production. He enables the **Better Man** to conquer, to overcome weakness and to lift a mate, to face hell and high water unafraid.

That's the crux of Christianity: God does for man what he cannot do for himself. It is true of nations.

Franklin D. Roosevelt's Proclamation of New Year's Day as a National Day of **PRAYER** suggests strongly that the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy is not depending solely upon rose colored resolutions for Victory in 1944:

A Proclamation: In the 168th Annum of American Independence—"At the end of the year 1943, which has not only made manifest the devotion and courage of our nation's sons but has also crowned their efforts with brilliant success on every battle front, it is fitting that we set aside a day of prayer to give thanks to Almighty God for His constant providence over us in every hour of national peace and national peril.

At the beginning of the new year 1944, which now lies before us, it is fitting that we pray to be preserved from false ride of accomplishment and from willful neglect of the last measure of public and private sacrifice necessary to attain final victory and peace. May we humbly seek strength and guidance for the problems of widening warfare and for the responsibilities of increasing victory. May we find in the infinite mercy of the God of our Fathers some measure of comfort for the personal anxieties of separation and anguish of bereavement.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Saturday, the first day of January 1944, as a day of prayer for all of us, in our churches, in our homes, and in our hearts, those of us who walk in the familiar paths of home, those who fight on the wide battlefields of the world, those who go down to the sea in ships, and those who rise in the air on wings. . . ."



NAST

VOL II No 1 USNAS TILLAMOOK ORE 8 JAN 1944

Spike--Popular Marine Mascot--Dead Here



Full Military Honors Accorded English Pitt Bull Dec. 27 Before He Was Laid to Rest in View of His Old Home at Main Gate

Service Record

Spike's service record is unique in that he has been an official mascot in both the Army and Marine Corps, and at the same time loyal to pals in the Navy. But tragedy had stalked the life of this colorful canine personality which ended December 26, 1943, in a fatal motor accident inside one of the blimp docks.

Before joining the Marine Corps, Spike was the devoted companion of his master, the late Bill Morley, Aerial Photographer, 116th Balloon Battalion, Fort Lewis, Washington.

Morley met his death on one of the very few occasions when Spike was not flying at his side, riding in the cockpit and wearing his own special set of ear phones.

Local Friends Helped

After Bill's accident, Spike was grief stricken. Neither Morley's mother nor his old army buddies could console him. In a short time this intelligent yet sentimental animal lost nearly 50% of his normal weight—falling from 70 to 40 pounds! But Spike had been an exceptional mascot. He must be saved! . . . Returning to civilian life with his master's mother he showed little improvement. So weak he could hardly stand, he looked like a hide-rack. This is when Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stephens, close friends of Morley's mother, offered to help. Bert, dog lover extraordinary, has an almost uncanny way with animals. His technique virtually brought Spike back to life along

with two-thirds of his lost weight. Then he was transferred back into active service—this time with the Marines.

It was the right move. For Spike, always in the true dignity of his position, still loyal and proud, decided to start life over again. A mutual attachment quickly grew up between the Marine Barracks and its new mascot. As a morale booster this relationship was proven by the sincerity and real sorrow attending Spike's military funeral.



Rites Sincere and Dignified

In memoriam, Guadalcanal veteran 20-year old Private First Class Philip Clark, USMC, (PC7) affectionately writes: "During the past seven months a pug-ugly English bull-dog won his way into the hearts of the Marines and other personnel of this station. Some said he was lazy and good for little or nothing, that he'd even rather sleep than play. But you couldn't set a mark on his worth as a friend. He didn't bite. He didn't bark. He lived in his own house alongside the Sergeant of the Guard's Office at the Main Gate, yet he was at home anywhere with service men. All he did was offer in his canine way, the friendship, comradeship, the tag-along-and-be-one-of-the-boys so important to us now. . . ."

Captain Hoxie Griswold, Commanding Officer of the Marine Barracks, delivered these words at Spike's last rites:

"You have received your orders to proceed to the station above, Because the Marines up top side need a good mascot to love.

You'll like these men to serve with—they fought on Guadalcanal

Like the gang just arrived from Tarawa, after giving the Japanese hell.

Of course you'll find the galley and you'll be patient and wait

Until the Marines up topside build you a house by the gate."

Mascot's Biography Written Into Barrack's Official Records As Example For All Good Marines

Spike, age 21 months, serial number 000-000, rifle number 00-00, was received with the marines aboard in June 1943. All of his life had previously been spent in the Army Air Corps accumulating three hundred flying hours and hosts of khaki-clad friends. After his master was killed he was transferred to the Marine Barracks, USNAS Tillamook and served loyally under the Eagle, Anchor, and Globe. During most of his Marine Corps hitch he served as a private, but due to his good record was recommended for promotion to Sergeant-Major which he received the day of his death. His habits were generally good. He didn't drink nor use profanity. He was never AWOL or AOL. His one bad habit was that he consumed thirty points of meat per day.

Wherever there is a group of Marines, no matter how few, there'll always be a dog. But of all the dogs that have seen service with the Corps, it is certain that not one of them was better loved than that ugly dog of ours—SPIKE.

(NOTE: It may interest friends of Spike to know that the foregoing story, in addition to Oregon newspapers, appeared in many other papers throughout the nation. The Public Relations Officer prepared it for the Press and Radio Wire Services in Portland whence it became national news released over both radio and press media.)

NASTOPICS--*Blimps Again To The Rescue*

CIVILIAN TOPICS

THE Transportation Dept. really went to town with two proud fathers in one week. **John R. Strong** has a son, **Robert William** who was born on December 17th and weighed 10 lbs. 12 ozs. **Robert K. Brewer** was not far behind with a daughter, **Peggy Ann**, born Dec. 20th and weighing 6 lbs. 7 ozs.

The Public Works Shop also reports a new father, **Lewis C. Best** whose son, **Donald Raymond**, weight 6 lbs. 10 ozs., was born on Dec. 10th.

Public Works Shops, Public Works Office, Supply and Accounting and Central Office all had Christmas trees and exchanged gifts the day before Christmas.

Ella B. Stroka, formerly in the Public Works office, has completed her preliminary work and is now a regular member of the Cadet Nurses Training Corps at Eugene.

Helen McIntosh of Accounting (wife of **Ray McIntosh**, AMM3c, Hedron) is resigning Jan. 15, and leaving for Chicago on the 19th so her baby can be born at home. **Carolyn Hamro** from Los Angeles is taking her place.

The U. S. Navy cooperated with Santa Claus by lending a Navy truck to the local post office for use in distributing packages and mail during the holiday season.

LEFT: LT. (jg) **WILLIAM R. AUSTIN**



RIGHT: CAPTAIN C. T. SIMARD
(Presentation at Sand Point)

**Air Medal Recently Awarded
New Station Officer**

Twenty-two-year-old Lt. (jg) William R.



BLIMP DROPS RAFT (TOW-LINE STILL ATTACHED) TO RADIOMAN ON SINKING S03C. RADIO MAN IS SHOWN LEAPING TOWARD RAFT WHICH HE REACHED AND INFLATED

Credit Line—Local Press

Public Relations was pouring over the picture page of a Portland daily, Wednesday morning, 8 December, when we were struck by the captions: **Portland, Italy, South Pacific, Teheran, and TILLAMOOK!** . . . This last one actually dominated the entire page. And then we got the idea—one which we'd like to put across. . . .

The Navy never seeks publicity, particularly in war time. But to give the public all the news compatible with national security is a fundamental Navy policy. Vox populi is heard well in the United States Navy. Mutual understanding between servicemen and their civilian brothers helps in their work, their morale, builds general efficiency.

The Portland Press—The Oregon Journal and The Oregonian and the local

Gala Program Today!

**Triple Decker Treat Planned by
Welfare Department**

NAST Plays Willamette U. in Rec Hall at 1600. . . . Kay Kyser's "Swing Fever" at 1900. . . . U.S.O. Camp Show "Dim Your Lights" to Follow Immediately After Movie.



"DIM YOUR LIGHTS" TONIGHT

THE SAGA of two outstanding rescues at sea by four Navy blimps was brought to light in the nation's press during the last week of 1943. Printed from coast to coast were graphic pictures of survivors clinging to the wreckage of their ship, floating on rafts lashed together in what could well have been their last adventure of the sea, and a bluejacket leaping from his wrecked plane in a desperate effort to grasp the line on a life raft dropped from a blimp.

Behind these pictures was a story that might never have been told if it were not for the blimp, for the gallant crews who fly them, and for the surface craft which rushed to the scene in answer to the blimps' calls.

The K-89 was on a routine patrol in the Atlantic, heading for a convoy rendezvous. Ensign Warren Henry Ireland was in command. At noon, the message came to change course and search for a "man on a float."

As the K-89 neared the area to be searched, one of the officers saw a green dye spot in the water. In the middle of the spot was an overturned S03C plane which had crashed during the morning. Perched on the big pontoon that was still floating above the water was Charles Joseph Schultz, Aviation Metalsmith Third Class.

Approaching the spot, the blimp crew saw Schultz hanging on the pontoon. As soon as a position was established, the K-89 radioed to a nearby destroyer and to shore stations and aircraft in the vicinity, and then continued to circle the area. Utilizing a 300-foot marker buoy line, Ensign Ireland lowered a life raft and emergency rations to Schultz from the aft door of the blimp.

The raft was dropped within ten feet of the pontoon and Schultz jumped and attempted unsuccessfully to grab the line in mid-air, then swam to the life raft and pulled it back to the pontoon on which he hung by one arm as he inflated the raft.

Toward the end of the afternoon a Coast Guard cutter arrived on the scene, picked up Schultz from the raft. Shortly afterward, a destroyer also arrived and sent a doctor aboard the cutter to treat the survivor.

The second story is the rescue of eight-

Twenty-two year old Lt. (jg) William R. Austin, USNR, wouldn't tell us about it in a recent interview. We happened to read it in a newspaper. Talking with him for about 20 minutes, a piecemeal picture of his past was the best we could get out of this modest militant. Sand Point Static helped us out. (See issue 26 November 1943 at Station library).

A native of Yakima, Washington, Austin was a year with the Fleet, returning to San Diego and NAS Seattle with an award for heroism and a case of malaria.

While in the Solomons Austin participated in attacks which sank enemy shipping. He was then flying TBFs. Glide bombing was his specialty. USS Chenagno was his carrier. He was also based ashore part of the time.

Asked what he really likes best, pilot Austin promptly replied, "The wife and 10 months old William Junior!"

Army, Navy Co-operate Here

In a recent letter from the former Commanding Officer, Portland Air Region, IV Fighter Command, to Commanding Officer, NAS Tillamook, via Commandant 13ND and Commandant NAC, Seattle, Lt. Col. John H. Spangler expresses his "appreciation for the superior type of co-operation furnished this headquarters by Captain Karl L. Lange . . . and the officers under his Command . . .

. . . It has been a distinct pleasure to have known and worked with these officers on problems concerning training and the defense of this area . . . hope that the officers and men of the Naval Air Station . . . will enjoy continued success at their present station and in any future assignments."

NAST NEEDS MEN and officers to advise staff of personal items, and **NEWS** notes which they would enjoy reading in the station paper. Submit gags and ideas for picture stories. Let us know about weddings and births. Whimsical, amusing, or dramatic incidents befalling you or your comrades are the very ink-life of staron's newsprint. Come on, men, lend us a minute or two each day. You can make yours a better paper. Call Lt. (jg) Marc Smith, Ext. 59, or drop your note in a NAST suggestion box. Your name will be published or withheld as you wish. NAST staff is anybody who wants to contribute. If you think one of the guys in your division or department is a good man for NAST's regular staff please submit his name to the Director.

SUNDAY WORSHIP in the Rec. Bldg. at 0930—Catholic Mass, 1000—Bible Forum, 1000—Catholic Mass, 1100—General Worship.

nal and The Oregonian, and the local Press—Headlight-Herald, have consistently and intelligently handled all Navy news emanating from the Tillamook source. We'd like to express our appreciation and approval of the Press' co-operation in the important job that is being accomplished.

From Punching Bags to Gas Bags

IT WAS about at the turn of the century, when Horatio Alger and Buffalo Bill vied with each other for high sales at the nation's news stands, that a bright blue-eyed kid named **Fred Lamkey** could be seen beating around the back and front streets of old New York. The story of this lad was to become as dramatic and colorful as that of any hero in those early paper-backs — forbears of today's action comics.

The kid had recently run away from home. Home in this instance was a dingy orphanage where an even break was to an orphan like his mother and father—he just didn't have any. So Fred, evading a return to the home, took life in his own hard little fists and fought toward his first real chance—enlistment at the age of 16 in the United States Navy, 6 December 1903. One of the Navy's few remaining windjammer sailors, Fred was trained on the old USS Prairie—half sail and half steam.

All Navy Boxing Belt

In 1911 Lamkey had found his place. He was a Boatswain's Mate Second Class. He had made the best of his break. He loved the Navy and the Navy thought pretty highly of its new Atlantic Fleet Featherweight Champion who went on in 1912 to win the All Navy Boxing Belt over Young Jerry. 1913, while he was still Atlantic Champ, nevertheless marked the third of three zenith years in Fred's Navy boxing career. Before quitting the ring he had won the fistic respect of many famous boxers—both Navy and professional. In 1912 at New York he had fought world's champion Abe Attel to a 6 round no decision. Modestly, "There were a lot of fights and a lot of good boys."

Turns To Aviation

After 12 years sea duty in which he served on such ships as the Alabama, Connecticut, Wisconsin, and Brooklyn, in such theaters as Europe, Haiti, Cuba, and Mexico—in peace and in war—Fred went to Pensacola to become one of our first Chief Electricians in aviation (there were no aviation rates at that time). In aviation ever since, he served at Hampton Roads, Rockaway Beach (N.Y.), Newport News, and Lakehurst—where he was in charge of mooring masts under Lieut. Rosendahl and was a shipmate of our own Captain Lange. After exchanging 20 years for his piece of the Navy he left Lakehurst and worked in civilian Ford

RRATUM: During production of last NAST—(regular issue), on a twenty-four consecutive hour deadline grind a major error was overlooked by the red-eyed editor . . . Harry John Price married Miss Lois Brown. (Quote: His was not the error!)



Motor Company's experimental lab while managing their mooring mast.

Lucky to come unscathed through several HTA crack-ups, his luck nearly ran out when his old C-3 blimp, employing hydrogen, suddenly burst into flames at 150 feet over Hampton Roads, Virginia. He got five months hospitalization for burns and returned to excellent health which he maintains along with his 20-20 vision.

As a pioneer LT Aman, Lamkey's experience includes the famous giant dirigibles Shenandoah, Los Angeles, and Akron.

Finally realizing a long anticipated ambition, he settled down in 1934 as "a country squire . . . for life" . . . he thought! But war clouds gathered again. His country recalled him to active duty in 1941—HTA at San Diego as Aviation Chief Machinist Mate, transferred him to Pearl Harbor to help clean up some now notorious dirty work, and thence to Tillamook.

Proudly we point to our veteran shipmate, who, since 1 October 1943, has been Chief Machinist Fred M. Lamkey, USN!

(Fred, who left his wife Florence at home in La Mesa and his son Lt. (jg) Fred Lamkey, USNR, Security Officer, Oakland Supply Base, might be inveigled to exchange Tillamook mist for the California variety. His only other relative is a brother, Bill Lamkey, CAP, USN, (Ret).)

teen survivors of the Cuban freighter Libertad through the use of three Navy airships and a surface vessel.

The survivors of the Libertad were lost off the coast of North Carolina on December 4th and had been in the water more than thirty-four hours before they were rescued. On the morning of December 5th two airships, the K-82 and the K-72, were dispatched on special patrol, each to search different areas southeast of Cape Hatteras.

The K-82 under command of Ensign Joseph Hudner sighted the first two survivors. They were clinging to two planks. Emergency rations were lowered and then a life raft was dropped. One man was strong enough to swim to it and drag himself aboard. But he was not able to paddle it back to his companion who was too weak to leave his wreckage. A surface craft was signaled and the K-82 hovered overhead until the two men were taken aboard.

Later in the afternoon the K-72, under command of Lieut. John Marck, sighted two rafts with twelve more Libertad survivors. The surface vessel was summoned and an hour later these men were aboard.

During the afternoon the third airship K-76, under command of Lieut. David Breault, was dispatched to the scene. It continued to patrol all night and at 8 o'clock the next morning sighted an overturned lifeboat with four Libertad crewmen clinging to it. The surface vessel, only two miles away, quickly had them aboard.

NOTE TO LIBERTY HOUNDS: The Mallory Hotel, Portland, wrote offering their services to officers and men at this station. It's a good hotel, reasonably priced, will take reservations and if you're not sure of your time of arrival will positively assure reservations if sent a single day's check in advance (Who wouldn't?)

SMALL STORES are open MON., TUES., THURS., and FRI. from 0900-1200 and 1300-1500. Watch the stock!

THESPIANTICS: *Sat. 8 Jan. SWING FEVER, Kay Kyser; Sun. 9 Jan. RIDING HIGH, Dorothy Lamour, Dick Powell; Mon. 10 Jan. THE FALCON'S BROTHER, Tom Conway, Jean Brooks; Wed. 12 Jan. THE HEATS ON, Mae West, Victor Moore; Fri. 14 Jan. LOST ANGEL, Margaret O'Brien, James Craig; Sat. 15 Jan. CRIME DOCTOR'S STRANGEST CASE, Warner Baxter. (*This is part of the TRIPLE-DIP dish of entertainment scheduled for today.)

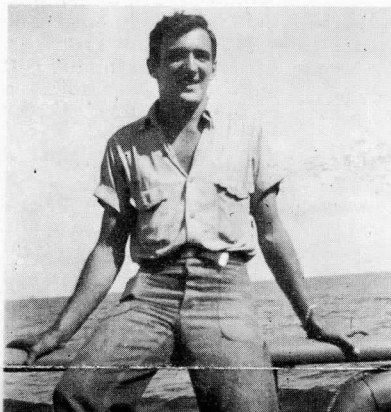


CLOTHIER

We've all, one time or another, seen this apparition standing behind a wire cage, dishing out "G.I." raiment. His is something between an amiable smile and an avid grin—to challenge our sanity. If you don't know already, it's **Allen B. Young**. Thirty-two years ago in Wichita, Kansas, Mr. Stork left Mrs. Young holding the bag with Allen B. in it. Wichita could not take it, and Kansas did not want it. So Cleveland was chosen to shoulder the job of educating the lad.

'Abie,' Smallstore's funny-man, is a look for a laugh. But his well rounded post lends solidity to a pop-up sense of humor. Two years ago he was assistant office manager in Cleveland's Patterson-Sargent Paint Company. With us now through boot at San Diego, pioneered first hot-dog-coffee stand at Farragut, mess cook at Bremerton—Well, you know the rest. . . . Who's next . . . ?

Sea Duty Sailor Receives—



SICK BAYing

As a result of an automobile crackup on 18 December 1943 in which the driver endeavored to split a telephone pole with a Dodge touring car, **GINGER, D. D., S2c, USN-I**, was turned into the sickbay with a punctured wound of the cornea of the right eye, causing a prolapse of the iris.* Dr. Pate operated immediately upon ascertaining the extent of the injury and has hopes of saving the vision. Incidentally, the car was a total wreck, completely beyond repair, while the driver and other occupant were both uninjured!

H. C. EBRIGHT, PFC, USA, attached to the 104th Cavalry Headquarters, Salem, Oregon, was brought to the dispensary on 22 December 1943 following an injury which he received on the road to Hebo. While driving around a bend in the road his jeep hit a slick spot, skidded, upset, and pinned **EBRIGHT** underneath. A civilian discovered him and brought him to the station's dispensary. X-rays revealed no broken bones and **EBRIGHT** was returned to his outfit via the Army ambulance. Let it be a warning. One can reach any destination with care on these and ALL winding roads . . . and sooner!

HAPPY NEW YEAR GIFT: Latest addition, after a bit of perspiring, was brought to the **Mackenroth** household. Mrs. C. G. **Mackenroth** is resting comfortably; baby and father are both doing well. Dr. Pate was present at the event which occurred at 0020, 30 December 1943—the Viatio Hospital.

DISPENSARY HAS OWN AIR RAID ALERT: On 30 December 1943, in the middle of routine medical care, the staff in the dispensary really proved they were on their toes. Before the sounds of the siren had disappeared, both ambulances—manned and ready—were at their designated posts for air raid and battle stations. Fortunately or unfortunately the siren heard was one sounded in the city of Tillamook and carried to the station by a mischievous and purposeful gust of wind.

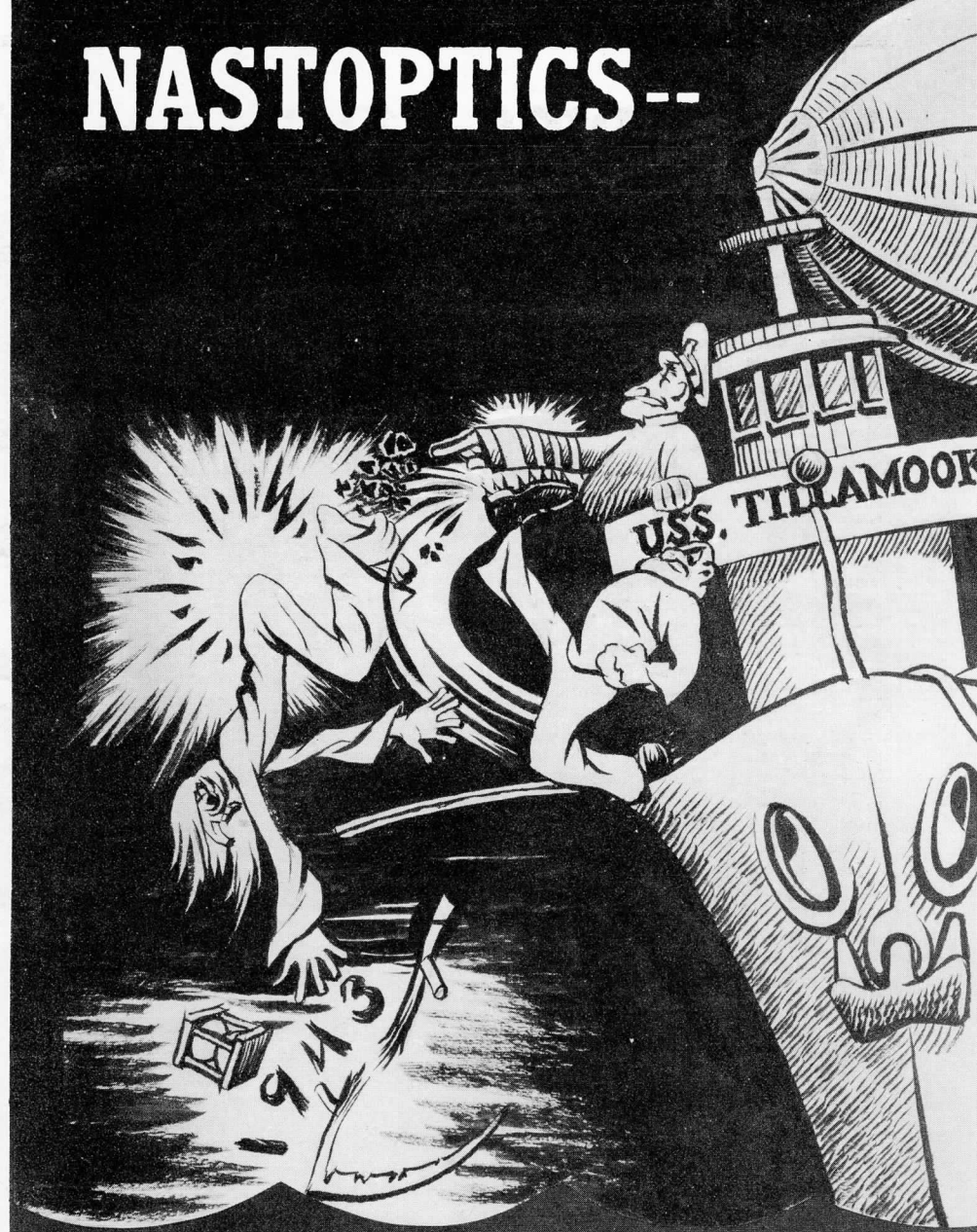
With the arrival of **BROWN, D. V., PhM2c, X-ray Technician**, and **BUCHANAN, J. B., PhM2c, Pharmacy Technician**; one to handle invisible injuries and the other to compound all distasteful (so-believed) medicines; the staff is now complete.

DENNIE, W. R., PFC, USMC, finally reaching the age of 36 lost his appendix to Dr. McCoy without complaint. Now feeling mighty pert he's ready to continue his activities as of before he turned in on the sick list.

The Medical Officers have assisted the Stork on 11 occasions since commissioning of station.

*(Ed.—What th'!?)

NASTOPTICS--



THEY DISH IT OUT.





—And Lauds NAST

21 December 1943

"Dear NAST Staff:

I want to thank you for sending the copies of NAST to this particular sailor. The newspaper staff can be proud of the publication and the progress they have made since it first went to press. It's a grand sheet and I look forward to getting it and finding out what is new there at home. You know, I used to spend some Sundays out on those same fields watching baseball games. Now, I suppose the ball games are few and far between, but the field is being used to a better purpose and in a game for much larger stakes. It makes you feel rather good to know that home is more than just a place to hang your hat. It may not be classed as big time in the usual sense of the word, but when the occasion arises everyone is in it.

Old Dan Cupid seems to be quite a popular man about the station. The kids are lucky they can be together even tho it may be for a short time. To me, having someone I love is more an incentive than any bill that Congress might pass for the future of the service man. It seems rather silly that they should think that we need an added attraction to polish this off. Danny Boy is doing his part in that respect.

Christmas is almost on us again and another year will be starting. I hope you have a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year. It never seems the same when you can't be with the folks at this time of year.

There's nothing new out here. A few liberties, a show now and then, but plenty of work. I don't mind because it helps the time go faster and I seem to have plenty. Time, I mean.

I'm enclosing a recent snap. From now on, that will be my usual off watch station—watching for the mail buoy and the copies of NAST. Thanks again and Merry Xmas.

Sincerely, BOB."

(Bob is R. R. TONTZ, far-away spouse of Jacque, station's Chief Telephone Operator. He's at sea somewhere in the Pacific—nevertheless receives NAST.)

A woman was given a divorce because her husband never returned home until the "wee sma' hours." This is the first time we have heard of the early worm getting the bird.

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE: 8 Jan. NAST vs. Willamette University—here; 16 Jan. vs. Portland Army Air Base—here; 22 Jan. vs. Willamette University—there; 29 Jan. vs. Army—Eugene—there; 5 Feb. vs. Army—Eugene—here; 10 Feb. vs. Coast Guard—here.

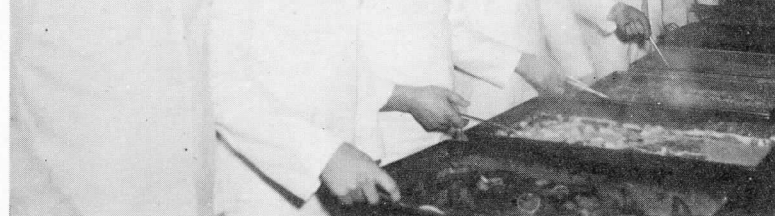
BASKETBALL STANDINGS: 16 Nov. Pacific University 14, NAST 46; 18 Nov. Pacific University 26, NAST 44; 26 Nov. Portland Army Air Base 21, NAST 45; 1 Dec. Oregon University 39, NAST 36; 9 Dec. Fort Stevens 27, NAST 28; 13 Dec. Oregon State College 39, NAST 30; 16 Dec. Oregon State College 38, NAST 36; 26 Dec. Coast Guard 32, NAST 27.

ADVANCEMENTS: STATION—Rutledge, E. E. to EM1c; Ward, G. H., BM2c; Brown, M. N., EM2c; Faucher, O. J., EM2c; Thome, J. C., SF2c; McNeal, O. J., MM2c; Johnson, W. M., AerM2c; Millan, E. R., AerM2c; Misserian, P., SK2c; Stier, A. R., PhM2c; Arps, J. F., SC2c; Kappos, T., AM3c; Posluszny, J., Bkr1c; Damsky, L. J., PhM3c; Christianson, L. I., S1c; Finan, L. A., S1c; Jenkins, J. G., S1c; Mucha, E. J., S1c; Mutchler, E. F., S1c; Persson, A. E., S1c; Reiman, R. R., S1c; Rinfretti, E. H., S1c; Schmitt, R. J., S1c; Sprague, H. G. T., S1c; Sturm, G. S., S1c; Tarbox, G. W., S1c; Bell, O., StM1c; Hinton, N. L., StM1c.

BLIMPRON — Lawler, S. D., to CBM(AA); Noblette, E. S., ACRM(AA); Coker, J. Q., BM1c; DeKilder, C. M., AMM2c; Huddleston, M. A., AMM2c; Thoreson, D. W., ARM2c; Tellock, M. E., ARM2c; Everson, G. L., AM2c; Hatfield, W. C., AM2c; Samuels, B. L., AM2c.

THE FOLLOWING RATE CHANGES ARE NOT ADVANCEMENTS, BUT CHANGES WITHIN THE SAME PAY GRADE: Lentz, H. L., to MoMM3c; Kasari, R. W., F1c; Plancich, R. P., F1c; Thomas, C. A., F1c; Bergeron, S. L., F2c; Garcia, E. L., F2c; Hoot, C. B., F2c; LaFranzo, F. B., F2c; Lewandowski, J. J., F2c; Stratman, P. V., F2c.

NEW SHIPMATES: OFFICERS—Lt. F. F. Laufenberg, AVG and Lt. (jg) Wm. C. O'Connor of Blimpron 33. Lt. (jg) Wm. A. Austin, USNR; Lt. Delos H. Jones, USNR; Chief Machinist Harry R. Swisegood and Chief Gunner Fairfield I. Meese of the Station; and Warrant Officer John Kirby of the USMC. STATION—J. A. Bartlett, MM1c; P. V. Stratman, F3c; G. L. Losee, SK3c; A. J. Koehler, SK3c; H. M. Ganier, Pr3c; J. H. Arns, PhM2c; W. W. Walker, AerM3c; N. W. Williams, S2c and H. E. Thomas, GM1c. BLIMPRON—G. H. Davis, Stm3c. HEDRON—Elais Reed, Stm2c; J. H. Roberson, Stm2c; Louis Price, Stm2c; Clarence Johnson, Stm2c; J. B. Grove, AMM3c; R. E. Curtis, ARM3c; R. Krinsky, ARM3c; L. V. Stoffel, S1c(ARM); R. L. Liscio, S1c(ARM); C. H. Ogdon, ARM3c; G. D. Lewis, Jr., AMM3c; T. C. Sharp, AMM2c; R. W. Huer, AM3c; F. S. King, AM3c; F. A. Rolland, AM3c; P. A. Kanerva, AM3c; H. L. Nosek, AM3c; E. S. Smith, AMM2c; J. J. Sudol, AMM3c and J. J. Redmond, S1c.



BATES, FREDRICKS, RIEDER, STRETER, STEVENSON, GOODING, ISON, ARPS



PATTOCK, SMELTZ MATT

The Wolf

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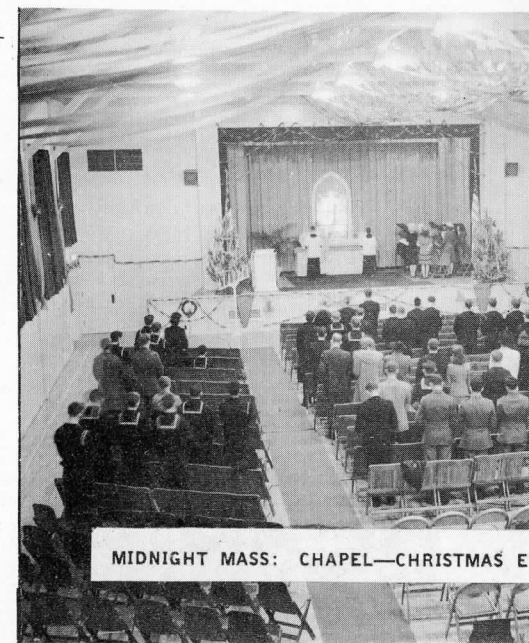
by Sansone

(In Alaska)



"If you'll tell me just what you're looking for, perhaps I can help!"

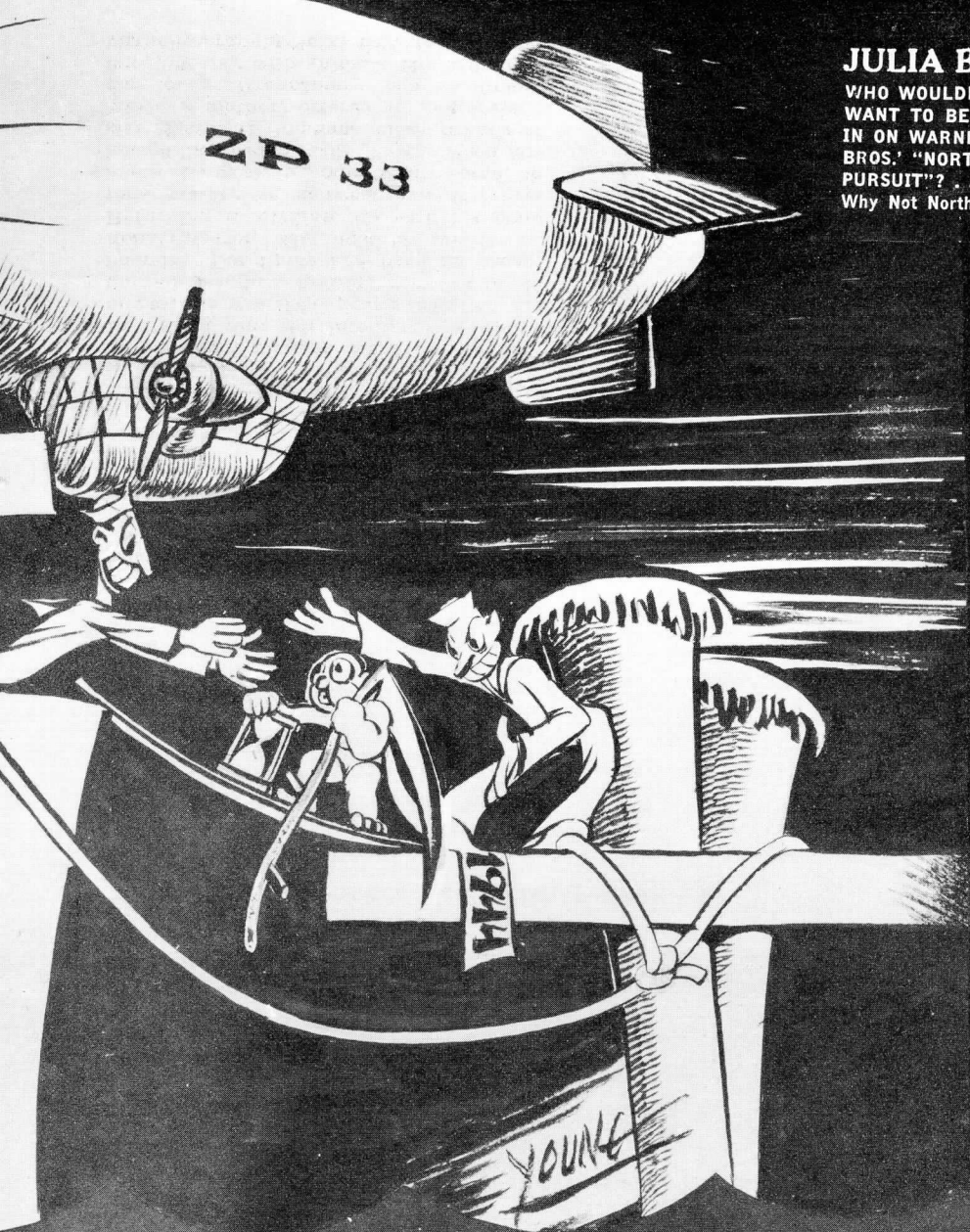
**OLD YEAR HAD A DATE—
—WITH BOUNCING BABY BOY . . .
. . . 260 POUNDS OF HIM!**



MIDNIGHT MASS: CHAPEL—CHRISTMAS E



RUBY GALLINO, TANI (BA

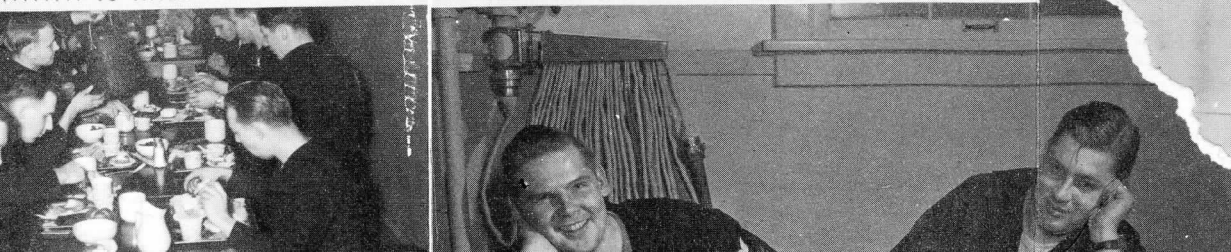


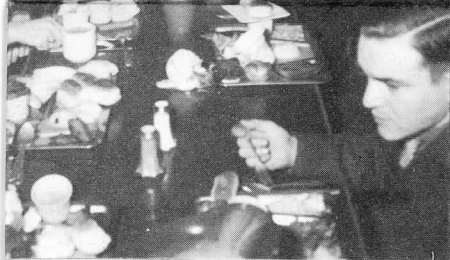
JULIA BISHOP—

WHO WOULDN'T
WANT TO BE
IN ON WARNER
BROS.' "NORTHERN
PURSUIT"? !
Why Not NorthWESTern?



TO THOSE WHO CAN TAKE IT?

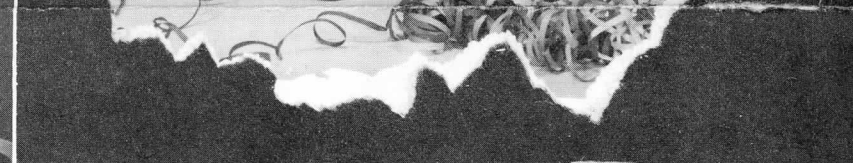




R, GOLDEN, CLEMENT, COKER, COTTINGHAM, ASHBEY,
K. PITTS (L. to R.: Merry Go Round The Table)



LITTLE AND BIERMAN
Crammed With Sugar Plums



FROLIC FETCHES
FOOD FAMISHED FRIENDS
TO REFRESHING REPAST



LIKE TWINS—BRIGHT LIGHTS AND SMILES . . . SHOW HAPPY FACES OF
MARTIN, MARKEY, SADOWSKI WITH THEIR GENEVIEVE SISKEY,
CALLIE DYE, EMMA VANTRESS



REC HALL SHINED FOR SHIN-DIG AND . . . DIGGERS



MARTIN. ELAINE SPERBER, TIFFANY WITH THE MRS, MRS STIENBURG, LITTLE

R, KATZ, MRS AND CHIEF MOSHER, MARJORIE DYE,
(NS), NOLLA FLISRAM, (MRS ACUFF)

BETWEEN DANCES . . . GUESTS AND NAVY CHOW

LIVENGOOD, DOLFIN, McGIVNEY REST WITH THEIR LAURELS (ALSO
INCLUDING PATTY BAILEY, YOLANDA STOLL, PHYLLIS DONAVAN)



Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of Terry and the Pirates

Combat Report



NAST

COMMANDING OFFICER: Captain, Karl L. Lange, USNR
 EXECUTIVE OFFICER: Lt. Comdr. Wm. R. Peeler, USN
 DIRECTOR: Lt. (jg) Marc Smith, USNR
 PIXMEN: G. E. Tomlinson, CPhoM; C. G. Mackenroth, PhoM3c; L. Wilson, PhoM3c
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from

NAS Tillamook, Oregon

TO

PLACE
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